Denying these foreign traffickers the opportunity to participate in the vibrant and growing U.S. economy is truly a decisive weapon in the war on drugs.

I again thank my colleagues for their fine work on this measure. I also state for the RECORD that I fully support and approve incorporating their measure into the Legislation Authorization Act which is before the Senate. I also state that my colleague, the vice chairman of the Intelligence Committee, Senator KERREY, has asked I note for the Senate that he also concurs in this amendment and extends his congratulations.

I urge adoption of this amendment.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the amendment.

The amendment (No. 1259) was agreed to.

Mr. SHELBY. I move to reconsider the vote.

Mrs. FEINSTEIN. I move to lay that motion on the table.

The motion to lay on the table was agreed to.

Mr. SHELBY. I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate now proceed to a period for morning business, with Senators permitted to speak for brief periods.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

CIVILITY AND DELIBERATION IN THE U.S. SENATE

Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, on July 16, the Robert J. Dole Institute for Public Service and Public Policy at the University of Kansas hosted a discussion of civility and deliberation in the United States Senate.

Long subjects of interest to me, I was heartened to learn of this event. In an age of media and money-driven politics, it is important to remember that what we Senators must truly strive to be about has little to do with either the media or money. Discussions such as this one remind us all of the essential nature of this body in which we are so privileged to serve, and of the responsibility each of us bears to help this great institution, the United States Senate, continue to reflect the Framers' intent.

I ask unanimous consent that the remarks of the Honorable Robert J. Dole, and the remarks of Mr. Harry C. McPherson, former Special Counsel to President Lyndon B. Johnson, be inserted in the RECORD at this point.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

REMARKS OF SENATOR BOB DOLE—INTRODUCTION OF HARRY MCPHERSON, THE CAPITOL, JULY 16, 1999

Thanks very much for the kind introduction, and thanks to all of today's participants, many of them friends.

Harry Truman once remarked that he felt anything but comfortable as a newcomer to the Senate. Then, one day, a grizzled veteran of the institution took him aside and offered him the following sage advice: ''Harry,'' he said, ''for the first six months you'll wonder how the hell you ever got to be a United States Senator. After that, you'll wonder how in Hell everyone else did.''

I guess I'm still in the early stages when it comes to having my name on a school of public policy. A professor has been defined as someone who takes more words than he needs to tell more than he knows. Kind of reminds me of a filibustering senator. President Johnson, Harry's former boss and mentor, liked to tell of the long-winded Texas politician who never began any address without extolling at great length the beautiful piney woods of east Texas. Then he would move on to the bluebonnets and the broad plains, and down through the Hill Country to the White Beaches of the Gulf Coast.

At which point he went back to the piney woods and started in all over again. On one occasion he had just completed a second tour of the lone star state and he was about to launch into a third when a fellow rose up in back of the room and yelled out: ''The next time you pass Lubbock, how about letting me off?''

Let me assure you all: I have no intention of making more than one pass at Lubbock. As you know, it's customary to insert the word honorable in front of the names of public servants. Sometimes it's even appropriate. The next speaker is just such a case. In fact, he is one of the most honorable men I know. Harry and I came to Washington about the same time. As he writes in his classic memoir, ''A Political Education,'' it was the era of the one party South. Come to think of it, it was the era of the one party Senate as well.

Still, even if Harry and I spent most of our careers on the opposite sides of the political fence, there is much more that unites us than divides us. To begin with, neither one of us have ever confused personal civility with the surrender of principle. One way or another, our generation has paid a heavy price in resistance to all of this century's extremists who didn't want to serve humanity as much as they wanted to remake or oppress it. Life for us has been a series of tests: whether growing up in the Dust Bowl of the 1930s, or fighting a war against Nazi tyranny, or waging a moral offensive against Jim Crow and other hateful barriers to human potential; whether sending a man to stroll on the surface of the moon, or standing up for American values across four decades of Cold War . . . all of these enterprises, vast as they were, enlisted the common energies of a nation that is never better than when tackling the impossible.

Along the way we discovered that there was no Republican or Democratic way to fight polio or even invent the Internet. Almost forty years have passed since I first arrived in this town as the lowest ranking creature in the political food chain—a freshman Congressman. My ideological credentials were validated by a local political boss in west Kansas who told a friend, ''Heck, I know he's a conservative—the tires on his car are threadbare.'' I never claimed to be a visionary. I came to Washington to do the decent thing by people in need, without bankrupting the Treasury or depriving entrepreneurs of the incentive or capital with which to realize their dreams. I brought from Kansas the conviction that most people are mostly good most of the time. Something I also learned: that an adversary is not the same thing as an enemy.

It may be hard to believe, but those days one politician could challenge another's ideas without questioning his motives or impugning his patriotism. As Harry will attest, we may have had differences over the years, but they were programmatic, not personal. In the words of the late great Ev Dirksen, ''I live by my principles, and one of my principles is flexibility.''

Of course, in the great defining struggle over civil rights, it was Ev Dirksen's flexibility that enabled him to put aside narrow questions of party advantage and remind colleagues that it was another Illinois Republican, by the name of Abraham Lincoln, who gave the GOP its moral charter as a party dedicated to racial justice. Throughout this century, no issue has done more to call forth the better angels of our nature. Whether it was Teddy Roosevelt inviting Booker T. Washington to dine with him at the White House, or my hero Dwight Eisenhower, summoning federal troops to integrate Central High School in Little Rock, or Harry Truman desegregating the armed forces, or LBJ speaking at a Joint Session in the House and shouting, ''we shall overcome,'' or the bipartisan coalition that I was privileged to lead in making Martin Luther King's birthday a national holiday.

All this, I think, has relevance for today's discussion. The topic is ''Civility and Deliberation in the United States Senate.'' As any C-Span viewer can tell you, we have too little of one and too much of the other. But why should that come as any surprise? We are after all, a representative democracy—a mirror held up to America. In this age when celebrity trumps accomplishment, and notoriety is the surest route to success in a 24 hour news cycle, voters are understandably turned off by a political culture that measures democracy in decibels.

Needless to say, it is pretty hard to listen when all around you, people are screaming at the top of their lungs. It's even harder to hear the voices of those who sent you to Washington in the first place. In a democracy differences are not only unavoidable—if pursued with civility as well as conviction, they are downright healthy. Put another way, I'd much rather deal with honest contention than creeping cynicism. Yet that's exactly what afflicts our system today, when millions of citizens regard all politicians as puppets on a string, dancing to the music of spinmeisters.

Fortunately, there are still men and women in this town and every town across America who disprove that view. They come from diverse backgrounds. They vote for different candidates. They speak various languages; they worship before many alters. But this much they have in common; they are patriots before they are partisans. At the same time they understand the dangers that arise when any leader starts to calculate his chances at the expense of his conscience.

One of the most inspiring stories I have ever read involves the late Senator John Stennis of Mississippi, for over forty years a lawmaker of towering integrity. In 1982 Senator Stennis faced the toughest reelection fight of his career. At one point early in the campaign, the Senator found himself listening to a room full of experts who kept prefacing every sentence with the phrase, ''to win, we will have to do this.''

Courtly as ever, Stennis heard everyone out before replying, ''there is one thing you

really need to understand before we go any further,'' he told his political operatives. ''We don't have to win,'' John Stennis understood that in a system such as ours, details can be compromised, but principle never.

In the high stakes game of history, only those who are willing to lose for principle deserve to win in the polls. Only those whose principles do not blind them to the search for common ground, can hope to rally a political system intentionally designed to frustrate utopian reformers. As LBJ like to say, ''I'd rather win a convert than a fight.''

In his memoir, Harry describes just such a confluence involving Lyndon Johnson, in office less than two weeks, and his onetime friend turned antagonist Jim Rowe. In the wake of President Kennedy's assassination, the new President was reaching out across personal and political gulfs, seeking counsel and support wherever he could find them.

This led him to Jim Rowe, who protested at length that the estrangement had been his fault, not Johnson's. They went back and forth, until LBJ snapped, ''Damn it, can't you be content to be the first man the thirty-sixth president of the United States has apologized to?''

End of argument. And then Harry, on his own, reminds readers how important it is under such circumstances to swallow your feelings and smile even if it hurts. It's been said that Washington lacks the fabled Wise Men of yesterday—those vastly experienced sages whose instincts are even more valuable than their Rolodexes. I disagree. Because I have a friend and partner who is one of the wisest Men around. Both his shrewdness and his generosity are as large as Texas. I can't imagine anyone better qualified to address this gathering than the civil and deliberate Harry McPherson.

REMARKS OF HARRY MCPHERSON

Many years ago, after ''A Political Education'' was first published, several senators and staff people told me I'd gotten the place right. John Stennis burst into another senator's office, waving a copy of the book, and asked, ''Have you read Harry's book? He's got us clear as can be''. I was tremendously proud when I heard about that.

But it wasn't long before other staffers, as well as a few lobbyists and reporters, pointed out that I'd missed this or that vital truth about the Senate; that I'd misunderstood why Senator X did something that surprised me—a special friendship between him and Senator Y had caused a certain bill to be treated as it was; or that Senate rules and precedents (which I thought I understood) required a result that I had attributed to misbegotten ideology. Most of all, I was told, with a pitying smile, I had completely failed to take into account the importance of campaign contributions in shaping what happened, or didn't happen, in the Senate.

I was embarrassed by these observations, which I acknowledged to be true. When the book was republished, years later, I asked to make changes in it, that would reflect what I had learned in the intervening time. But publishing economics being what they are, there could be no changes in the body of the book. If I wanted to write an epilogue, calling attention to these things, I could. And I did, getting the politics a little straighter. Still later, a third publisher offered the chance to write a prologue, where I could disclose still further shortcomings in my earlier understanding of the Senate. I chose instead to compare the Democrats who ran the Senate in the early 90's with those of the mid-50's, when I started to work here. I assumed, of course, that those later Democrats would continue to run the place ad infinitum. That version of ''A Political Education'' saw the light in early 1995, just after Senator Lott assumed the responsibilities of majority leader.

I relate these misadventures as a way of suggesting that the Senate, small and visible and reported about as it is, remains, at least for me, mysterious. This is not to say that scholarly analyses of the Senate are inherently wrong. Statistical summaries of the Senate's work can be valuable in showing us how well the institution is performing. But there are human factors at work in the place that aren't easily captured by numbers. The Senate offers plenty of political science material. But it's also a novel—simple enough, in some respects, murky and ambiguous in others: like Joyce's ''Ulysses,'' which is about a June day in Dublin, 1904, and a Homeric saga, and God knows what else.

''Civility and Deliberation'' are behavioral abstractions, more natural to a novelist's view of the Senate than a statistician's.

Indeed, it might seem that a statistical measure of the Senate's productiveness—which would rate its ability to deal effectively with major public concerns—needn't pay much attention to quality-of-life considerations like ''civility'' and ''deliberation''. If the Senate produces, it doesn't matter—so this view would have it—whether the Chamber resembles an abattoir when it does so. It isn't the public concern whether Members of the Senate behave in a civil or uncivil manner toward one another, or even whether they gather together and deliberate before acting. What matters are the results.

There is a degree of truth in this, of course. Voters aren't usually focused on electing the politest candidate to represent them in the Senate, nor the one who takes the longest to make up his or her mind before acting on legislation. Some of the great senators have been persons of such force of personality, such power of will, such intellectual arrogance, such irresistible energy, that they were able to ram their work through the ranks of much more polite, less wilful Members—and the nation benefitted from that. The measure of the Senate's success as an institution isn't whether it resembles a Victorian debating society, tolerant, decorous, and patient, but whether it is able to appreciate and deal with vital public needs.

On the other hand, I guess the reason we've met to discuss ''Civility'' and ''Deliberation'' is that we suspect that these conditions of Senate life may in fact be related to Senate productivity. They aren't sufficient in themselves to cause productivity, but they may be necessary to enhance it. Put another way, what the Members feel about the quality of their corporate lives may have something to say about how well they perform as legislators. If it does, then the conversations I've had with a dozen or so senators during the past few days—from both parties—suggest that the modest record of the Senate in recent times is the product, at least in part, of inadequate civility in the Chamber, and a failure to deliberate—by which I mean to discuss in a body, with the possibility of changing opinions through argument—any number of significant public issues.

Rather than list all the shortcomings of contemporary Senate life that I heard about in these conversations, let me draw the beleaguered, cartoon senator I saw emerging from them, wishing I were Pat Oliphant and could do it with a flick of the pen. For simplicity, I'll make him male.

He is obsessed by television, beginning with television coverage of the Senate floor. Normally he doesn't go over to the Floor except to deliver prepared remarks, and since he can see what's happening on the Floor on the tube in his office, he doesn't spend his time sitting there, taking in the remarks of his colleagues. As a result there isn't much debate, as we think of that term.

He is on a number of committees, so his attention is fractured. Stuck in committee, meeting with lobbyists, or working the phone to raise money for his next campaign, he is unlikely to know much about issues on the Floor that one of his staffers doesn't tell him on the way over to vote. If he doesn't connect with the staffer, he simply relies on his Floor leader's staffer to tell him what to do.

He doesn't bear down to learn much about any issue, with exception for those indigenous and critical to his state. Why should he? Why should be learn complicated arguments about big issues, when a tidal wave of media talk has already served to fashion public opinion? Why deliberate on something, one Member asked, when everyone's already made up his or her mind, thanks not to some eloquent senator, but to the ubiquitous chattering classes outside the Chamber?

He is partisan, either by nature or experience. He served in the House, a Republican who backed Newt and the 1994 class seeking revenge for years of mistreatment by the ancient Democratic majority, or a Democrat, seeking revenge for mistreatment by Newt, Armey, and DeLay.

Still, because he is, as a politician, naturally gregarious, he would make friends, work, and trade with senators on the other side of the aisle—except that his brothers and sisters on his side tell him that those senators' seats are up for grabs, and he should do nothing to help them. Needing support from his own and unready to risk it, he steps back. Though bipartisan support is necessary to pass important legislation on tough issues, he's reluctant to provide it.

He really doesn't know many other senators, on his side or the other. Used to be, senators stayed in Washington until it got really hot, and then went home. During their 7-day-a-week residence in town, they got to know many of the others in the Chamber. Now many Members go back home on the weekends. Because of the righteous indignation of public interest groups—the same ones who demanded more roll calls, to put senators on record, and thereby made a lot of sound negotiated compromises die aborning—because those groups decried ''junkets'' abroad, there are few opportunities for senators to get to know each other, and something about the outer world at the same time. The constant pressure to raise campaign funds further reduces time for socializing. For reasons I cannot fathom, there doesn't even seem to be a place where the tradition of having a drink with other senators takes place regularly.

This senator isn't much of a ''deliberator,'' now, though the pleasure of arguing political issues in college is one reason he chose the career. Now he makes speeches written by staff, attends hearings structured by the chairman and interest groups to produce foreordained results, and engages in few debates on the floor that might make him look bad at home, or that might provide a potential opponent with a club to beat him with. His every waking moment, he feels, is under scrutiny. If he learns anything within the Senate, or contributes to someone else's education there, it's likely to be in a small group, behind closed doors.

Learning—even more, caring—about a big issue seems less and less worthwhile. He'd have to devote a ton of time to it, trying to persuade other distracted fellows to pay attention. This is especially true in the case of those issues—like improving the quality of elementary and secondary education, reducing the incidence of violent crime in poor neighborhoods, finding alternatives to imprisonment for drug addicts—which don't attract large political contributions. A friend

of mine, many years ago, reasoned that we could pass major civil rights legislation if we could only find a way to benefit builders, construction unions, and the oil and gas industry by doing so.

The modalities of discourse—always addressing another member through the Chair, for example, never saying ''you'', never letting it hang entirely out—seem contrived and unnatural to many Members, and it shows. But like manners in society, these traditions make it possible for people to rise above the harsh, wounding animosities of partisan conflict. They mask the red fangs, and make communal life, particularly in a spot-lighted commune like the Senate, more bearable.

This cartoon figure is not an attractive one, and there are a number of senators who would not see themselves in it. Some have friends across the aisle, with whom they work amiably, and in complete, mutual trust; two partners of mine, Bob Dole and George Mitchell, had such a relationship when they were party leaders. Some Members long for a more thorough deliberation of major issues; many of them wish for the means of developing friendships—more especially, building trust—with other Members. Several senators spoke appreciably of the prayer breakfast meetings, in which senators have been known to remove their togas for formal respectability, and reveal the needy human beings within. I recalled a meeting with a midwestern Democrat years ago, in which he told me that the members of his smaller prayer group—six senators, evenly divided by party—meant more to him than any other association he had; he said the others often voted with him, and he with them, because of that bond. It would have been hard to find the cause of that voting pattern in the usual statistical models. The ties that bond other senators to one another are easier to discover: combat service in World War II, for example, is a shared and unforgettable experience for Dan Inouye, Bob Dole, and Ted Stevens, and it has always shown.

The most interesting model of what the Senate could be, the wished-for example most frequently referred to in my conversations, was the experience of meeting, speaking, and listening to one another in the Old Senate chamber, the Old Supreme Court. There was no TV coverage; no reporters at all. And the subjects—in one case national security, in another, the impeachment of a President—were grave indeed, worthy of the fixed attention of any man or woman.

It's too late to undo television coverage of the Senate. The prayer group is not for everybody. Big government is over, the President said, so there aren't many big mountains of governmental effort to conceive, or to seek to tear down. Campaign finance, the country's annoyance, continues to depress the system with its demands on Members, would-be Members, and contributors alike. The Old Senate chamber won't do for daily meetings, and besides, TV and the press would crowd out the Members if it were tried. Hard-edged partisanship will continue for a while, even with Newt gone from the House to the talk shows.

It's a quite legitimate question, to ask whether these conditions have been better in the past. I think they were, prior to TV coverage of the Senate, prior to the geometrically escalating demands of fundraising. And perhaps in some past eras the quality of the Members was higher: not necessarily measured in intellectual fire-power, but in dedication to the central task of the legislator: to legislate. The Democratic Policy Committee for which I worked, forty years ago, included Lyndon Johnson, Richard Russell, Mike Mansfield, Hubert Humphrey, Lister Hill, Warren Magnuson, Robert Kerr, Carl Hayden, and John Pastore. These were true legislators, attentive to the task, prepared to learn about that was before them and then to join battle in the Chamber. Their superior qualities of attention and grasp were what made the Senate of those days—at least in my recollection—more serious than it often appears to be today. And it is those individual qualities of senators that ultimately determine the quality of the Body itself. Given the nature of today's media- and money-driven politics, our best hope is that our current Members, and those to come, will be inspired by the best of the past to raise the level of civility, and deepen the level of deliberations, in the Senate they've been chosen to serve in their own day.

25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INVASION OF CYPRUS

Mr. SARBANES. Mr. President, twenty-five years ago on this day, Turkish troops began their brutal assault on the people of Cyprus, forcing hundreds of thousands to flee their homes and villages. Less than a month later, after a cease-fire had been accepted and negotiations toward peaceful resolution of the conflict were proceeding under United Nations auspices, Turkey sent another, even larger occupation force of 40,000 troops and 200 tanks, seizing more than a third of the island. For the last quarter of a century, Turkish military forces have illegally occupied the northern part of the island, forcibly dividing it. Communities have been splintered, lives shattered, a nation deprived of its cultural heritage and the opportunity to live in peace.

The events of 1974 took a harsh toll on the people of Cyprus that remains with us to this day. Hundreds of thousands of Cypriots who fled advancing troops remain refugees in their own land, unable to return to the homes and the communities they inhabited for generations. Others have been stranded in tiny enclaves, deprived of the most basic human rights, forbidden to travel or worship freely. The beautiful coastal resort of Famagusta lies emply, bearing silent witness to what once was an economic and cultural center of the island. The Green Line runs like a jagged scar across the face of Cyprus. An entire generation has grown up in the shadow of military occupation, knowing only division and despair.

It is time for the world to recognize, however, that the Cyprus problem is more than just a humanitarian tragedy. As we have seen in Bosnia and Kosovo, when the suffering of a people puts peace and stability at risk, we also have a strategic interest in facilitating a negotiated settlement. And as long as the Cyprus problem divides not only a country, but two of our key NATO allies, the United States must work to help find a solution. The success of the UN peacekeepers should not for a minute obscure the real threat of conflict in the region. Cyprus can be either a spark to confrontation or the starting point for reconciliation, and we have a hard-headed security interest in seeing it resolved.

In one of the tragic ironies of this situation, the man who ordered the invasion is once again Prime Minister of Turkey. On this sad anniversary, we ask the President to call upon Mr. Ecevit to assume the mantle of statesmanship and acknowledge that the status quo is not acceptable. The Turkish government must demonstrate its willingness to help rectify this continuing injustice and to participate in good faith in U.S. and U.N.-mediated efforts to resolve it. The current situation hurts not only Greek and Turkish Cypriots but Turkey itself, and its relations with the United States and the international community.

I am pleased to say that the Clinton administration has kept the Cyprus issue high on the international agenda, raising it at every appropriate opportunity and assigning some of their most capable diplomats to work toward a settlement. I would particularly like to recognize the work of Dick Holbrooke and Tom Miller in this regard. Although Tom has just been sworn in as our new Ambassador to Bosnia-Herzegovina and Dick, I hope, will soon be confirmed as our Permanent Representative to the United Nations, they have played an invaluable role in demonstrating the seriousness of this administration in bringing peace and justice to this troubled island.

In recent weeks there has been increased international attention focused on the Cyprus problem, and a greater sense of urgency in bringing the two sides together. The G–8 for the first time has dealt with the Cyprus problem in a direct and substantive way, urging the UN Secretary General, in accordance with relevent Security Council resolutions, to invite the leaders of the two sides to comprehensive negotiations without preconditions in the fall of 1999. Unfortunately, thus far, Mr. Denktash, the leader of the Turkish-Cypriot community, has sent a negative message on his participation in such talks.

Less than a month ago the UN Security Council endorsed the G–8 leaders' appeal and reaffirmed its position that ''a Cyprus settlement must be based on a State of Cyprus with a single sovereignty and international personality and a single citizenship, with its independence and territorial integrity safeguarded, and comprising two politically equal communities as described in the relevant Security Council resolutions, in a bi-communal and bi-zonal federation, and that such a settlement must exclude union in whole or in part with any other country or any form of partition or secession.'' Such a resolution, according to the G–8, ''would not only benefit all the people of Cyprus, but would also have a positive impact on peace and stability in the region.''

Mr. President, the division of Cyprus has gone on far too long. I want to take this opportunity to commend the thousands of friends and supporters of a free